¶ Here begynneth a lytell boke, that speketh of Purgatorye: & what Purgatorye is & in what place / and of the paynes that be therin / and whiche soules do abyde therin tyll they be pourged of synne / and whiche abyde not there. And for what synnes a soule goth to hell / & of the helpe that soules in purgatorye may haue of theyr frendes that be on lyue: & what pardon auayleth to mannes soule.

¶ The Prologue.

Many men speke / as they in the boke rede
Of the paynes of purgatorye / but fewe it drede
For many a man wotteth not / what thynge it is
Therfore they drede it / the lesse ywys
And for some men / haue therof no knowynge
Of the place of purgatorye / not vnderstandynge
Therfore I wyll tell / what it is in lykenes
And in what place / as the boke is wytnes
And whiche soules goth thyther / and for what syn
And what maner of paynes / ben therin
And also what thynge / is most in certayne
That myght a mannes soule / bringe out of payne.

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¶ Fyrste here it telleth what is Purgatorye.

PUrgatorye is/nothynge elles to tell
But a clenſynge place/ſoules in to dwell
That haue done ſynne/and haue cõtrycyon
And ben in the waye/of ſaluacyon
And there they ſhulde ſuffre/both ſorowe and wo
Tyll all theyr ſynnes/ben awaye ydo
And clenſed of all ſynnes/that euer they wrought
Both in worde and wyll/in dede and eke in thought
For ſo pured golde/neuer none there was
As the ſoules ſhall ben/or they thens paſſe
wherfore the payne/that the ſoule there ſhall hent
Is more bytter/than all the tourment
That all martyres ſuffred/both ponge and olde
Syth that god was borne/and to the Jewes ſolde
For the leſte payne/of the paynes there
Is more bytter/than the moſt payne that is here
As wytneſſeth a great clerke/and ſayth ſhortly
In a boke/that ſpeketh of Purgatorye.

Minima pena Purgatorii maior eſt maxima pena mundi.

¶He ſayth the leſte payne/is well more
In Purgatorye/that greueth ſore
Than the moſt payne/that maye be
In all this worlde/to fele or ſe
For the payne there/is more ferſe and fell
Than herte maye thynke/or tonge maye tell
Betwene the payne of hell/certaynly
And betwene the payne/of Purgatorye
Is no dyfference/but certes that one

Shall haue an ende/and that other none
For the paynes of hell/shulde neuer cease
Ne the soules therin/haue neuer release
But in purgatorye/the soules dwelleth styll
Tyll they ben clensyd/of all manet yll
And as moche ben there.xl.dayes tolde
As here.xl.yere/be a man neuer so olde
So that a payne there/one daye to se
Is as moche/as a yere tolde here maye be
But euery daye of penaunce/that is done here
Shall stande there in stede/of an hole yere
As Chryste sayth openly/and wytnesseth well
By his holy prophete/Ezechiell.

Diem pro anno dedi tibi.

¶ That is so moche/to vnderstande nowe
For an hole yere/I gaue one daye to you
Than serueth that payne/as the boke telleth
To clense the soules/that therin dwelleth
But penaunce here done/with good wyll
Serueth for two thynges/goddes lawe to fulfyll
One cause is/to clense the soules well
Of all deedly synnes/and eke venyell
Another is to haue/in heuen more mede
To these two thynges/penaunce maye vs lede
For euery penaunce that a man doth here
Shall haue a specyall ioye/in heuen clere
That euer without ende/shall than last
yf they done penaunce/with herte stedfast.

¶ In what place Purgatorye is.

The place there/that purgatorye is holde
Is vnder erth/as clerkes men tolde

Aboue the same place/as clerkes men telleth
There that deed chyldren/vnchrystened dwelleth
That from the fayre lyght/of goddes face
Ben put for euer/without any grace
And that place/is euen aboue hell pyt
Betwene purgatorye/and hell is it
And so is the place/of purgatorye sette
Aboue them both/thyther soules be sette
That must nedes/theyr payne there haue
And after that payne/Jhesus wyll them saue
yet aboue that stede/is that fayre place
That god after his deth/vysyted through his grace
And all that were there/with hym he toke
And lefte none therin/as telleth the boke
Nor from that tyme/as clerkes can tell
Come neuer no soule/there for to dwell
Ne neuer none hereafter/therin shall fall
For that place is Lymbo/as clerkes it call
That is a fayre pryson/as telleth the boke
where oure forne fathers/were in yoke
And of all these foure/men maye one hell make
And euerych of them/for hell maye be take
And therfore holy churche/that for soules prayth
Calleth purgatorye hell/and thus therof sayth.

Domine Jhesu christe/libera animas omnium fidelium defunctorum de manu inferni / et de profundis aquarum.&c.

Lorde Jhesu chryste/delyuer out of hell honde
All chrysten soules/that ben there vnder bonde
That is from that place/in to heuen blysse
For moche pyne/haue soules there ywysse
But from the lowest hell/without any doute

Maye no soule thens/be delyuered oute
Of mercy to haue/is no hope ne truste
As holy Job telleth/that the soth wyste.
Quia in inferno/nulla est redemptio.
The sayth that in hell/that is so farre adowne
Is neuer delyueraunce/for no raunsowne
And therfore masses & prayers/ helpeth them nought
To the same soules/that thyther be brought
For masse ne prayer/abateth not theyr pyne
As wytnesseth the holy man/saynt Austyne.
Si patrem aut matrem in inferno/non pro eis oratem.
The sayth/yf my father and my mother were
In the pytte of hell/and I wyst them there
I wolde neuer/by daye ne by nyght
Praye for them to god/that is full of myght
But purgatorye so longe/last not maye
For it lasteth no lenger/than tyll domes daye
For after domes daye/as clerkes can se
The place of purgatorye/shall no where be
Than shall hell be full of fendes within
That euermore shall last/to auenge synne
But some men haue wonder/and asketh why
That purgatorye is ordeyned/with mercy
And hell without mercy/that is so lowe
The cause why/men must well knowe
For the same synne/that in erth is wrought
From the erth vpwarde/ne passeth nought
Than nedes punysshed/must be that synne
Here vpon erth/or elles within
That is here in erth/there that we dwell
Other elles in purgatorye/or elles in hell
For the foule synne/is so heuy and harde

That it draweth the soule/euer downewarde
And tyll the synne/with penaunce be awaye nome
Erst maye the soule/neuer to heuen come.

¶Of two Purgatoryes/that god hath ordeyned.

Et telleth these clerkes/more openly
That two purgatoryes/there be namely
One is cõmon/for to tell
That is within erth/aboue hell
And the other/is specyally through grace
That is here in erth/in dyuerse place
For some ben not/in cõmon stede pyght
But they ben punysshed here/by daye or nyght
In many dyuerse stedes/within in theyr ghost
There that they/haue synne done most
But that pyne/maye be brought out of drede
Through prayer of frendes/and almes dede
To the whiche/they maye ghostly appere
Through great grace/in dyuerse stede here
That payns as I erst tolde/wonder sore greueth
But it is a warnynge/to them that here lyueth
And thus maye men here/truely se
where that purgatorye/nedes must be.

¶Of the paynes that ben in Purgatorye.

IN purgatorye/as the boke wytnesse beryth
Ben dyuerse paynes/that the soule deryth
Many mo certes/than I can neuen
But I fynde therof/wryten seuen
That maye be called/paynes full well

And to you of them/I wyll tell somedell.
¶ The fyrste payne/of the seuen ywys
Is men maye knowe/that redeth this
Is the great drede/that the soule is in
whan the body and it/departeth atwyn
For the soule seyth/than aboute it stonde
Many foule deuylles/to do it shonde
And that syght is a payne/wonder greuous
For the deuylles ben/so foule and hydeous
So that so hardy man/was neuer none
Here in erth lyuynge/in flesshe and in bone
But yf a man sawe/that syght that he shall se
Anone for drede/woode shulde he be
A great payne it is than/to se suche a syght
But more is to the soule/that therwith shall fyght.
¶ The seconde payne/is next than afterwarde
Is great drede of deth/that is wonder harde
That the soule shall haue/with moche care
Tyll the domebe gyuen/howe it shall fare
For many aungelles/shulde all redy be there
And many deuylles/with horryble chere
Than shall the soule/betwene them stande
And aungelles shall be/in her ryght hande
And the deuylles shall be/in her lefte syde
So that the soule/nedes must there abyde
Tyll that her contakes/ben brought to ende
For erst he wot not/whyther to wende
whyther that god/wyll dampne it or saue
Than shall the soule/so great drede haue
Ryght as a man/that is amyddes the se
In great peryll/and wot not whyther to fle
whan tempestes fallethy/and storme smarte

Than may he thens/neuer starte
And as a man hath here/bodely drede
whan he is empeched/of any perylous dede
Before the kynges iustyce/and of the countre
That ben charged/yf he gylty be
Than wot he not/yf he shall be spylte
Other ben delyuered/and the lawe fulfylte
In great peryll of lyfe/maye that man be
yet hath the soule mor drede/than hath suche thre
For yf it haue the dome/of dampnacyon here
Than goth it to hell/and the deuylles fere
And yf the soule be dampned/in to that place
Than is no maner hope/of mercy and grace
what wonder is than/though the soule haue drede
That to god after/mercy dare not ones grede.
¶ The thyrde payne/is an exyle
whan that the soules/here some whyle
Ben exyled from lyfe/and to deth drought
For the cõmynge agayne/they knowe nought
Therfore they shulde haue/moche mournynge
whan they be dampned/from theyr lykynge
And the mournynge that they haue/without lysse
Shall than be to them/great anguysshe.
¶ And the fourth payne/is dyuerse syckenes
That soules haue/in moche dystres
For dyuerse euylles/they shall haue therin
For dyuerse dedes/that they dyd in synne
And some for pryde/that they vsed ofte
Shall haue the colde feuer/that is not softe
For that shall greue the soule/more bytterly
Than euer any feuer/dyde the body
And some shall haue there/for couetyse

Stronge dropsye/that they shall not aryse
And some shall haue/in all theyr lymes aboute
For slouth in theyr lyfe/the podagre and goute
And byles and felones/and postumes also
That in mannes body/doth moche wo
And some for wrath/shall haue the pallye
That to the soule/shall sore derye
And some for glotony/shall haue euermore
The harde quynsy/that shall greue them sore
And some for lechery/shall haue also
A foule mesyry/go whyther they go
Thus shall the soule/that god wyll saue
For dyuerse synnes/dyuerse paynes shall haue
That in erth here/had veray repentaunce
And had not in erth/done theyr penaunce
Nowe thynke we/what payne the body suffreth here
Through dyuerse euylles/ that greuyth euery where
Though that it last/but a lytell stounde
yet it bryngeth a man/full soone to the grounde
And as the maladye/greuyth the body sore
yet it greuyth for the tyme/the soule well more
So that the soule/hath there more penaunce
Than hath the body/for any maner greuaunce
But nowe a man/maye speke there agayne
And are howe the soule/maye fele payne
That after deth is so sottell/as in boke we rede
That it maye occupye/no maner stede
And to this questyon/I maye answere well
As I haue clerkes/herde therof tell
The soule of the body/the lyfe is
Of euery man/both more and lesse
And without lyfe/is nothynge lyuynge

For in no deed thynge/maye be any kelynge
Than is all the kelynge/of the lyfe hooly
All in the soule/and nought in the body
For whan a mannes soule/is passed awaye
Than is the body/but foule erth and claye
And that is than/as deed as any stone
That no thynge feleth/but hym selfe one
Yet maye some men aske/more therto
Howe maye the soule/that is in wo
Be pyned/with suche maladye withoute
That is in dyuerse lymmes/of the body aboute
Syth it hath/neyther body ne hed
Ne none other lymme/theron byleued
To this/I maye answere shortly
That the soule/though it haue no body
It shall haue payne/as in lymmes there
With whiche it dyd/most synne here
For eche to other than/shall seme ywys
As though it had the shape/as a man is
And in this maner/shall a soule another se
But certes none of them/maye feled be
Nomore than maye/a mannes breth here
whan it passeth from hym/in no manere
Ensample of Lazar/and a ryche man
That cordeth to this mater/as I proue can
The ryche man warned/the lazar mete
That in Abrahams bosome/had his sete
But the ryche man/was buryed in hell
And sawe lazar/in heuen dwell
He cryed to Abraham/and bad sayze withall
That a drope of water/myght downe fall
Upon his tonge/from lazarus fyngers ende

For he myght not/out of that payne wende
By the ryche man/that spake so to that other
Had no lymme/ne tonge nother
Ne lazar/as ye maye well vnderstande
Had nother fynger/ne hande
For they were/spyrytes both onely
That had nother lymme/ne body
But the ryche mannes soule/feled pyne in hell
As though it had ben a body/in flesshe and fell
And lazarus soule/semed to hym than
As though he had ben/a lyues man
But I haue herde/some clerkes mayntayne
Suche maner opynyons/as I wene
That a soule/that is in purgatorye
Other in hell/hath of the ayre a body
To suffre payne/in his lymmes there
After that he hath/in erth synned here
But whyther a soule haue/a body or none
It shall haue payne/as the body hath done.
¶ And the fyfth payne/though it be somwhat late
Is hote brennynge fyre/that nothynge maye bate
But almes dede/masses and prayere
That of frendes/for them ben done here
To abate that fyre/tho thre ben best
For they brynge soone/mannes soule to rest
But that fyre/is hotter and more kene
Than any fyre of this worlde/that maye be sene
For all the water/that a man maye on thenche
One sparcle of that fyre/myght not quenche
For one sparcle of that fyre/is more brennynge
Than all the fyre/in this worlde lyghtynge
And the soule is also/more tender and nesshe

Than a mannes body/with blode and flesshe
Than the soule/that is so tender of kynde
Must nedes theyr penaunce/more harder fynde
Than any maner body/that euer alyue was
Though it shulde there through/make his pas
But no soule maye/from thens wende
Tyll all theyr penaunce/be brought to ende
And that fyre/werketh not through kynde a ryght
In the same soule/that to penaunce is dyght
As doth the fyre/that in erth brenneth here
But euermore it werketh/in another manere
As god hath ordeyned/for why it is so
As it were an instrument/that longeth therto
Through the whiche/the soule clensed maye be
In the payne of purgatorye/or that it god se
For why all maner fyre/that is therin
It is a maner fyre/for to waste synne
For as the fyre in the worlde/maye all thynge brenne
And make metall melt/and abrode renne
And ryght so the fyre/there through longe heat
wasteth there/both small synnes and great
There be nowe fyres/some more some lesse
But all one maner fyre/that neuer shall cesse
For as the sonne/maye ouer all thynge passe
That men greuyth/some more and some lesse
Ryght so ꝑ same fyre/that in purgatorye is brought
Some soules it pyneth sore/and some nought
For all soules/must nedes dwell therin
After that theyr charge/is there al synne
But some soules/shulde delyuered be thens soone
That here in erth/haue theyr penaunce doone
But some soule shall abyde there/many a yere

That lytell penaunce hath done/with his body here
And hath lyued longe/in his synne also
And therfore/saynt Austyn sayth thus therto.

Necesse est vt tantus sit dolor: pro peccatis quantus fuerit amor/tanto diutius anima torquetur in penis: quãto affectus mundanis inserebat desiderius. &c.

Saynt Austyn sayth/that nedefull it is
That as moche sorowe/he haue here and no les
For euery synne/and eke trespas
As lust and lykynge/in the synne was
And he sayth also/as before is rad
That the more lykynge/that a man in synne had
And euer gyueth therto/his lust and wyll
His flesshely lykynge/all to fulfyll
The longer must nedes/the soule in payne be
In purgatorye/that he maye not fle
And or the soule maye se god/in his face
As thre thynges/they must brenne in that place
That is to saye/as woode and haye also
And stoble/that wyll awaye with the fyre go
For the most venyall synnes/shulde brenne longe
As a tre that is great/and hath rotes stronge
But the small synnes/soone shall brenne awaye
As doth stoble in erth/whan fyre cõmeth there nye
But the meane synnes/brenneth not so soone
For they brenne slowly/and haue more to doone
Ryght as doth the haye/that with fyre is tende
That longe lyeth & smoketh/or it be throughe brende
Thus shulde they ben brende/and wasten sore
For theyr venyall synnes/both lesse and more
And for deedly synne/that they ben of shryue
And the tresasse therof/god hath forgyue

And penaunce therfore/nought haue done here
They shall there be brende/in the same manere
And whan they be fyned/and made bryght
Than shall they come/before goddes syght
In to mery Paradyse/that is a ioyfull place
That is euermore full/of mercy and grace.
¶ And the fyrte payne/is for to tell
For the soules vnclensed/shulde there dwell
Styll in purgatorye/and be bounde fast
with bondes of synne/to make them agast
And as many soules/as be in that pryson
For no gyfte they maye/ne for no raunsome
From that harde payne/them selfe wynne
Tyll that fyre haue brent/theyr bondes of synne
And thus they ben bounde/both handes and fete
In hote brennynge fyre/that is wonder greate
Certes than me thynketh/no payne maye be more
Than the soules suffreth/that greuyth them sore
For nothynge thens/maye them borowe
Nother abrydge any thynge/of theyr morhe sorowe
Nother to helpe them/thens to be brought
For theyr owne prayer/ne helpeth them nought
But yf in erth/they any good dyde
As masses done/songe and almes dede
Of theyr frendes in erth/ẏ to god for them besought
That made this worlde/and all thynge of nought
Full harde ben the paynes/ẏ the soules suffre there
yf hope of mercy/soone after ne were
But some tyme they shulde/so moche payne haue
That they take no kepe/that god wyll them saue
Therfore we shulde thynke/that in erth ben here
what payne the soule suffreth/that is there

Amonge foule fendes/that there haue leue
Some tyme the soules/to tourment and greue
As longe as they haue/any spotte of synne
For erst from that place/maye no man them wynne
Tyll they ben clensed/and made all clene
Of all manet synnes/that none be sene
And whan they ben delyuered/of all maner synne
No moze payne/shall they fele therin
But soone than after/they shall euen wende
To the blysse of heuen/that hath none ende.
¶ And the seuenth payne/is in lykenesse
There that the soules ben/as in wyldernesse
There that defaulte is/of all good thynge
That a man myght haue/of his lykynge
For theyr payne to them/is many folde
For nowe they ben in great hete/and nowe in colde.
And that payne to them/is full longe
As nowe in great hete/and after colde stronge
And there shulde suffre/both hungre and threst
And many great paynes/without any rest
And sore ben bette/to make more theyr payne
with great stormes of hayle/and of rayne
And that betynge/is both sharpe and kene
But suche stormes/neuer erst were sene
As the soules there/shulde fele and se
And with dyuerse tourmentes/tourmented be
For some many a yere/shall abyde there for synne
Tyll they the syght of god/clenly maye wynne
And suche maner paynes/they shall haue euermore
with many other tourmentes/ꝑ shall greue them sore
But amonge all other/a great payne that shall be
The moche coueytyse/that they haue to se

The swete face of god/that is euer so bryght
And the longe taryenge/of that fayre syght
But to that same syght/maye they neuer come
Tyll all theyr synnes/from them be nome
And here I haue tolde/somedell to you
Of the paynes of purgatorye/that be harde ynowe.

¶ Of the soules that wendeth in to purga-
torye/and abydeth there tyll they ben
pourged of synne/and whiche
soules abyde not there.

The soules that/to purgatorye shulde wende
whan that deth/ of them hath made an ende
Nedes they must/in purgatorye dwell
And suffre paynes/that ben smart and fell
For euerych syne:there shalbe punysshed after kynde
Through bytter paynes/that there they shulde fynde
After that theyr dedes/ben more or lasse
And theyr penaunce haue done/or they hens passe
But all soules/abydeth not in that place
For some after theyr deth/anone haue grace
And sykerly/shulde wende to blysse
As holy Innocentes/that neuer dyd mysse
And other soules/of good men and parfyte
That neuer in erthly thynge/had any delyte
But onely on god/that them dere bought
And here in erth/great penaunce wrought
But some men that deth/sodaynly doth take
And in deedly synne/theyr ende make
Euen in to hell/they shulde wende
And there dwell in payne/euer without ende

And that is no wonder/me thynketh in my mynde
For eche deedly synne/so heuy is of kynde
That it maye than/within a lytell stounde
Bryngе a mannes soule/in to hell grounde
But a soule that is/of deedly synne shryue
And his trespase in erth/is clenely forgyue
And also the penaunce/that is hym enioyned
Ben not done here/at dayes apoynted
wherfore the soule/is not clensed clene
Of other small synnes/that ofte cõmeth betwene
Than these soules/shulde ben saue
But yet in purgatorye/them behoueth to haue
Harde payne and bytter/and there abyde longe
Tyll the soules haue/theyr clensynge a fonge
As they fyrste were/whan they toke flesshe and bone
And the holy baptysme/at the font stone
yet telleth these clerkes also/in this manere
That so clene out of synne/lyueth no man here
Nother none so parfyte is/in chrysten lawe
Nor a chylde/that is from his mother drawe
That after his deth/to heuen wendeth on hye
Tyll he haue passed/through that strayte waye
And tyll he haue seen there/the paynes euerychone
But the yonge chyldren/therof shall fele none
For they coulde neuer/no maner synne werche
But went in the true waye/of holy churche
Therfore they shulde/through purgatorye fle
As doth the foule in the erth/as euery man maye se
without any pyne/that myght them dere
And from all wyckednes/me shall them were
But vnneth maye any man/quyte there through go
That ne shall of purgatorye/fele some wo

For that fyre/wyll fonde hym to hyenne
yf it maye on hym/any venyall fynne kenne
For ye fhulde vnderſtande/as I tell can
That there is lyuynge/none ſo parfyte a man
That he ſome tyme/ne thynketh an ydell thought
And lyghtly letteth it paſſe/and chargeth it nought
Of the whiche/he ſhall clenſed be
Or that he maye/the face of god ſe
For as golde/that fhyneth clere and bryght
Semeth well pured/vnto a manns fyght
And yf it were put/in to the fyre eft ſoone
It fhulde be the clerer/by hym ſelfe alone
Ryght ſo the ſoules/in the ſame manere
Of the parfyte men/that ſemeth moſt clere
Of all fynnes/and maketh them to god yare
yet they ſhall in purgatorye/ſomedell fele of care
For all they muſt nedes/there through paſſe
Both yonge and olde/more and laſſe
For that ſame fyre/that is there within
Shall fynde on them/ſome ſpotte of fynne
As lyght thought/the whiche ben in vayne
And for them/they ſhulde there ſuffre payne
For ſo pure golde fyned/neuer in erth was
As they ben through that fyre/or they thens paſſe.

¶ For whiche fynnes, a ſoule goth to hell.

Many maner fynnes/ ꝑ the ſoules greuyth
Reygneth amõges men/ ꝑ in erth lyueth
And ſome ben deedly/I thought I in dede
And ſome ben venyall/as I in boke rede
But fynnes that men/deedly doth call

Shulde not in purgatorye/be clensed all
But tho ben punyshed/euermore in hell
And whiche these ben/I wyll you tell
These ben the heuy synnes/that I wyll declare
Fyrste pryde than wrath/and afterwarde enuye
Glotonye and slouthe/in goddes seruyce
The foule synne of lechery/and eke couetyce
Manslaughter also/and false othes swerynge
And sacrylege also/and false wytnesse berynge
Robbrye and to poore men/to done rauayne
These ben the synnes/that bryngeth men to payne
For euerych of all these/is a deedly synne
And letteth mannes soule/heuen to wynne
And hatred also/is deedly synne amonge
yf it be holde/in mannes herte longe
And dronkennes/is deedly synne also
yf a man vse it/and ofte wyll it do
And therfore euery man/that gylty be of this
And thynke his soule/to brynge to blys
But he hym amende/or he hens wende
He shall not though he wolde/after his lyues ende
And in to purgatorye/shall he neuer come
But without ende/in to hell be nome
And yf he be repentaunt/and shryfe
Of all suche synne/here by his lyfe
Fro hell pyne/than he maye hym saue
But penaunce in his body/yet must he haue
Than must the soule gone/after as I wene
In to purgatorye/tyll of synnes it be clene
For penaunce done for synne/as I tolde ere
Nedes must be fulfylled/here or there.

For that fyre/wyll fonde hym to brenne
yf it maye on hym/any venyall synne kenne
For ye shulde vnderstande/as I tell can
That there is lyuynge/none so parfyte a man
That he some tyme/ne thynketh an ydell thought
And lyghtly letteth it passe/and chargeth it nought
Of the whiche/he shall clensed be
Or that he maye/the face of god se
For as golde/that shyneth clere and bryght
Semeth well pured/vnto a mannes syght
And yf it were put/in to the fyre eft soone
It shulde be the clerer/by hym selfe alone
Right so the soules/in the same manere
Of the parfyte men/that semeth most clere
Of all synnes/and maketh them to god yare
Yet they shall in purgatorye/somedell sele of care
For all they must nedes/there through passe
Both yonge and olde/more and lasse
For that same fyre/that is there within
Shall synde on them/some spotte of synne
As lyght thought/the whiche ben in vayne
And for them/they shulde there suffre payne
For so pure golde fyned/neuer in erth was
As they ben through that fyre/or they thens passe.

¶ For whiche synnes, a soule goth to hell.

Many maner synnes/ ỳ the soules greuyth
Reygneth amõges men/ ỳ in erth lyueth
And some ben deedly/I thought & in dede
And some ben venyall/as I in boke rede
But synnes that men/deedly doth call

Shulde not in purgatorye/be clensed all
But tho ben punyshed/euermore in hell
And whiche these ben/I wyll you tell
These ben the heuy synnes/that I wyll descrye
Fyrste pryde than wrath/and afterwarde enuye
Glotonye and slouthe/in goddes seruyce
The foule synne of lechery/and eke coueytyce
Manslaughter also/and false othes swerynge
And sacrylege also/and false wytnesse berynge
Robbrye and to poore men/to done rauayne
These ben the synnes/that bryngeth men to payne
For euerych of all these/is a deedly synne
And letteth mannes soule/heuen to wynne
And hatred also/is deedly synne amonge
yf it be holde/in mannes herte longe
And dronkennes/is deedly synne also
yf a man vse it/and ofte wyll it do
And therfore euery man/that gylty be of this
And thynke his soule/to brynge to blys
But he hym amende/or he hens wende
He shall not though he wolde/after his lyues ende
And in to purgatorye/shall he neuer come
But without ende/in to hell be nome
And yf he be repentaunt/and shryfe
Of all suche synne/here by his lyfe
Fro hell pyne/than he maye hym saue
But penaunce in his body/yet must he haue
Than must the soule gone/after as I wene
In to purgatorye/tyll of synnes it be clene
For penaunce done for synne/as I tolde ere
Nedes must be fulfylled/here or there.

Everyche venyall synne/the soule maye dere
But they ben not heuy/for to bere
As ben deedly synnes/for they maye be for do
In a lyght maner/who that hath wyll therto
For as men maye therof/here clerkes saye
Euery man maye lyghtly/suche synnes do awaye
And through helpe of prayers/suche grace wynne
So it maye do awaye/eche venyall synne
That is to saye/yf he pure and clene be
Out of deedly synne/and wyll it euer fle
For I fynde wrytten/that.x.thynges alone
Shall fordone in erth/venyall synnes echone
And these.x.they be/that I to you wyll rede
The fyrste is holy water/and afterwarde almes dede
Fastynge also/and howsell of the sacrament
And prayer of the Pater noster/with good entent
And also generall shryft/ that eche day maye be made
And bysshoppes blyssynge/ẏ maketh the soule glade
And namely in the ende/of the holy masse
For that is a great mede/both to more and lesse
And smytynge vpō thy brest/ꝛ kyssynge of ẏ grounde
And the last anoyntynge/before dethes stounde
These.x.venyall synnes/clene awaye meue
As the wyse clerkes/do showe vs and preue
But neuerthelesse/so many synnes sere
Maye ben gadred/on an hepe here
So that they maye peyse/the soule so sore
More than doth a deedly synne/as I sayde ore
For it quelleth the soule/and euer god myspayth
And therfore a wyse Poete/in this wyse sayth.

De minimis granis fit maxima summa cabalii.

The sayth of many cornes/gadred full brode

Unto a stronge horse/me maye make a lode
Right so maye synnes/that ben manyfolde
Make an heuy synne/that deedly maye be tolde
For they gader on the soule/in eche syde large
And maketh to the soule/a full heuy charge
But yf they ben done awaye soone/with repentaunce
And euer as they come/for them done penaunce
Than shulde tho synnes/the soule but lytell greue
For than haue they no stede/on to byleue
For so parfyte man/is none vnassayled
That with venyall synnes/often is trauayled
For men synneth eche daye/ẏ in this worlde dwelleth
As the boke wytnesseth/and in this maner telleth.

Septies in die cadit iustus.

¶ That is seuen tymes/at the lesse in the daye
The good holy man/in to synne fall maye
As in to venyall synnes/ that soone awaye wyll passe
But some of them ben more/and some ben lesse
And in to so many synnes/he maye fall
So that no man/maye accompte them all
And neuertheles/some of them reherce I can
As wytnesseth sayntt Austyn/the good holy man
And in a boke of his/he reherceth some
That ben nowe vsed/and most by custome
And to tell them after/thus he begynnes
And sayth/that there be many venyall synnes
Fyrste whan a man/eteth or drynketh more
wherfore his wombe/aketh full sore
And whan thou myght helpe a man/with wyt & wyll
But wylt not helpe hym/but holdest it styll
Or whan thou spekest sharpely/to a poore man
That asketh good at thy dore/as mekely as he can

And whan thou art hole in body/and thy myght last
And ofte thou etest/whan thou shuldest fast
And whan the lyst slepe/and wylt not aryse
And euer comest to late/to goddes seruyce
And makest for thy synnes no maner sorowynge
whan thou arte in good state/and in lykynge
Or whan thou prayest/and makest thyne orayson
And hast in thy prayer/but lytell deuocyon
Or whan thou hast lykynge/through lust and lyse
In thy bed flesshely/to medle with thy wyfe
Onely thy lykynge/more there to fulfyll
Than to begette a chylde/through goddes wyll
And also whan thou/beholdest men to late
That haue great syckenes/and ben in feble state
Or men that lyeth here/in stronge prysan
Or haue in theyr bodyes/any tribulacyon
Or men that ben/spyritull and sory
For theyr frendes soules/that ben in purgatory
Them to helpe/it were great mede
Through good prayers/and almes dede
And also yf thou do not/after thyne estate
To make them frendes/that ben in debate
And yf thou speke to any man/but yf thou wyt why
Bytterly with noyse/and with lowde cry
Or whan thou prayest/any man more
For encheson of glosynge/than for his lore
Or whan in churche/makest any iangelynge
Or thy waye is/in any ydle thynge
Be it out of churche/or elles within
It is accompted/for a venyall synne
And also whan thou arte/ouer lyghtly wroth
And swerest/and myght not holde thyne othe

Or whan thou curseſt/any maner man
And haſte no cauſe/hym for to ban
Or whan thou ſuppoſeſt/any wyckednesſe
Through euyll ſuſpycyon/or euyll crowenesſe
Theſe ben thynges/as ſayne Auſtyn telleth
That maketh in purgatorye/ꝑ many ſoule dwelleth
That haueth there/moche ſorowe and wo
And there ben yet/of other wyckednesſe many mo
And of venyall ſynnes/full many a ſore
without them that I/haue tolde before
But ſo wytty/is none erthely man
That all venyall ſynnes/tell can
For oft tymes/in the daye men falleth
In to ſynnes/that men venyall calleth
And euery the ſynne/is worthy a payne
That is done in dede/or in worde in bayne
That muſt clenely/be forgone
Here or in purgatorye/euerychone
Therfore I counceyll/eche man that be wyſe
To haunt this lore/that is of pryſe
That forgeth/through holy mannes lore
All venyall ſynnes/both leſſe and more
And yf any man fall/in deedly ſynne
Lette hym aryſe/and lye not therin
And take a preeſt/and do hym to ſhryue
And do his penaunce/by his lyfe
And euermore/haue in his thought
Sorowe for ſynnes/that he hath wrought
And do his penaunce/with all his myght
And praye to god/both daye and nyght
And go woolwarde/and faſt and wake
And ſuffre dyſeaſe/for our lordes ſake

For no man maye/in to heuen go
But yf he suffre here/both sorowe and wo
And whan god greuyth a man/in any wyse
Than shulde he suffre it/without fayntyse
what sycknes that maye/any man greue
Or lese of catell/that god wyll hym reue
Or vnkyndenes/falshed other treason
Or any displeasse/that myght be agaynst reason
Than suffice it medely/and thynke in thy thought
That without encheson/ne cometh it nought
But god wottes all/and why it is
Perchaunce for thynges/that he hath done amys
To chastyce hym/in suche maneres
For synnes that he/hath done here
Or it maye be/hym to preue
To the lowe of god/the more hym to meue
For oft tyme that thynge/that god wyll saue
Angre and displeasse/he must haue
Other for his synnes/is that sonde
Than shulde he thanke/goddes honde
And take medely/that god hym sendeth
And flie all euyll thynge/that he defendeth
For through displeases/and angres here
He maketh a man/as a prysonere
Penaunce to suffre/for his selfe
That he hath done/through the deuylles trecherys
For yf he suffre it/without grutchynge
It standeth hym in stede/of penaunce alowynge
And afterwarde/god wyll more to hym do
Gyue hym great mede/and grace also
And full blysse in heuen/haue therfore
yf he take it medely/though it greue hym sore

As a good chylde/ſuffreth meekely and ſtyll
whan his father chaſtyſeth hym/after his wyll
And done all goodneſſe/and lette all quede
And ſo ſhulde eche man/ſuffre god and dꝛede
And namely/almes dede ofte to make
Cloth the naked/and to the hungrye mete take
And other werkes of mercy/ofte to wercche
As techeth vs/good men of holy churche
And lede clene lyfe/in to his lyues ende
And after his deth/his ſoule ſhall wende
To blyſſe/and all paynes lyghtly paſſe
That ben in purgatoꝛye/both moꝛe and leſſe
And nowe/I haue tolde to you all
The ſynnes that ſaynt Auſtyn/benyall doth call
And nowe wyll I tell/what helpeth in certayne
The ſoules that in purgatoꝛye/haueth payne.

Of the helpe that ſoules hath that ben in purgatoꝛye, of good frendes that ben left behynde them lyuynge in erthe.

The ſoules that/to purgatoꝛye wendes
Be bꝛought thens/ thꝛough helpe of fꝛedes
That done almes dede/foꝛ them well afyne
And ſo ſayth the holy man/ſaynt Auſtyne.

Non eſt negandum q̄ ſpiritus defunctorum pietate amicorum ſuorum viuentium poſſint releuari ab omnibus penis. ꝛc.

The ſayth it is not to gayne ſaye/in no manere
That the ſoules of them/that deed ben here
From payne myght toone/vnbounde be
Thꝛough fꝛendes in erth/that had of them pyte
Foure maner of helpes generall/me maye call

That in purgatorye auayleth to the soules all
That is byddynge of Pater noster/and eke fastynge
And almes dedes/and masses syngynge
And in two maners/as clerkes can se
The soule from purgatorye/delyuered maye be
One is/through grace and mekenesse
And another/through waye of ryghtfulnesse
By waye of grace/in two manere
As it is wryten/in this boke here
Fyrst prayer to chryste/that is our heed
whan he is offred/in fourme of breed
In the preestes handes/with good entent
whan the breade is tourned/in to the sacrament
As through prayer/of goddes seruauntes here
That euer ben busye/in theyr prayere
Than maye the soule/that in purgatorye is
Through waye of grace/specyally haue this
Delyueraunce of payne/that there sore greuyth
Through masses and prayers/that there releuyth
And by waye of ryghtfulnesse/it is helpe also
By two wayes/that I can shewe therto
Fyrste through almes dede/that me gyueth the poore
It is brought of payne/that greuyth it sore
Another is/of theyr penaunce abrydgynge
Through penaunce of frendes/and of fastynge
Thus maye the soule/as the boke is wytnesse
Be helpe/through waye of ryghtfulnesse
That is to saye/that they maye in that nede
Be brought from payne/through almes dede
And through penaunce/and through pardon
Tyll there ben payed/a certayne raunsom
Than maye the soule/be delyuered awaye

Through frendes that wyll/theyr raunsome paye
And thus maye the soules/that hens wendes
To purgatorye be helpe/through theyr frendes
But some maye helpe/and some maye nought
The soules/that in to purgatorye be brought
But through suche frendes/they maye helpe be
That lyueth here in erth/in parfyte charyte
For the helpe of them/that charyte fayleth
To the soules in purgatorye/no thynge auayleth
For they ben all/as lymmes of one bodye
That ben in erth here/and tho in purgatorye
And as we maye se/properly here
One body haue/many lymmes sere
And eche of them/both lesse and more
Maye another helpe/yf it greue them sore
But yf one of the lymmes/begymneth to fayle
That lymme maye to the other/lytell auayle
Ryght so it fareth/in the same wyse
By hym that lyeth in payne/and may not aryse
As they that be in purgatorye/in theyr penaunce
without helpe of frendes/haue none alegaunce
But who that in deedly synne/is brought
And charyte/in his herte hath nought
Ye ne is/but as deed in soule within
As longe as he is/in that deedly syn
And his helpe ne is/but as in vayne
To soules that dwelleth/in that payne
For that helpe standeth/in no maner stede
Nor nought auayleth/that they haue bede
And neuertheleſſe/all though that he so be
In deedly synne/and out of charyte
yet maye the soule/be helpe thus

yf he to the poore man/gyue almes
That they for the soule/specyally praye
That lyeth in purgatorye/as I you saye
yet maye the helpe/and the trauayle
Of a synfull man/to the soule auayle
yf it in byddynge/done here be
Of a frende/that is in charyte
That helpe maye auayle/the soule soone
For his sake/that byddeth it to be done
That in his herte/hath charyte knyt
And for his sake/wolde do it
For god wyll nothynge do/for his sake
That wyll not charyte/in his herte take
This case falleth ofte/as I vnderstande
Betwene a lorde/and his seruaunt bonde
There that the lorde/good and ryghtfull is
And his seruaunt/is wycked ywys
And yf his seruaunt do/any maner thynge
That is good/to the lordes byddynge
yet it maye auayle/to some profyte
Though he in goodnes/haue no delyte
And that is through reason/and goodnes ywys
Of hym through whom/that prayer is
For though it be/agaynst the doers wyll
yet as agaynst the bydder/it standeth styll
But yf in charyte/they were bothe
The more were the helpe/to the deth for sothe
And also though a preest/in any maner tyme be
Synfull/and out of charyte
yet he is goddes mynyster/and holy churches
That the sacrament/vpon the aulter werches
That is nought/the lelle of myght

All thoughe/the preest lyue not aryght
For though a preest/that syngeth the masse
Be neuer so full/of wyckednesse
yet that sacrament/that is so holy
Maye not be empayred/through his foly
Than maye a masse/from payne soules bryngе
Though a synfull preest/doth it synge
For he syngeth the masse/in goddes name
Under whiche ordre/he maye do no shame
But preuy prayers made with good entent
That be sayde/besydes the sacrament
Of a good preest/doth more god paye
Than of a synfull preest/vsed eche daye
But the offrynge/of goddes body so swete
Bryngeth many soules/frompaynes greate
wherfore me thynketh/that masses syngynge
Maye rather a soule/from payne bryngе
That goth out of this worlde/in charyte
And in purgatorye/clensed shall be
But to them/that be dampned for aye
No good dede/to them auayle maye
Nother almes dede/prayer ne masse
For they ben/as the boke bereth wytnesse
Departed fro chryste/that of Mary was borne
And the soules of them/euer be forlorne
And as lymmes ben deed/and layde in claye
And all ben/from the body awaye
Than maye nothynge helpe/in no maner kynde
The lymmes that ben dryed/as it were a rynde
Ryght so all the helpe/that a man can tell
Nothynge auayleth/to them that be in hell
But yet helpe of frendes/that be in goddes seruyce

yf he to the poore man/gyue almes
That they for the ſoule/ſpecyally praye
That lyeth in purgatorye/as I you ſaye
yet maye the helpe/and the trauayle
Of a ſynfull man/to the ſoule auayle
yf it in byddynge/done here be
Of a frende/that is in charyte
That helpe maye auayle/the ſoule ſoone
For his ſake/that byddeth it to be done
That in his herte/hath charyte knyt
And for his ſake/wolde do it
For god wyll nothynge do/for his ſake
That wyll not charyte/in his herte take
This caſe falleth ofte/as I vnderſtande
Betwene a lorde/and his ſeruaunt bonde
There that the lorde/good and ryghtfull is
And his ſeruaunt/is wycked ywys
And yf his ſeruaunt do/any maner thynge
That is good/to the lordes byddynge
yet it maye auayle/to ſome profyte
Though he in goodnes/haue no delyte
And that is through reaſon/and goodnes ywys
Of hym through whom/that prayer is
For though it be/agaynſt the doers wyll
yet as agaynſt the bydder/it ſtandeth ſtyll
But yf in charyte/they were bothe
The more were the helpe/to the deth for ſothe
And alſo though a preeſt/in any maner tyme be
Synfull/and out of charyte
yet he is goddes mynyſter/and holy churches
That the ſacrament/vpon the aulter werches
That is nought/the leſſe of myght

All thoughe/the preest lyue not aryght
For though a preest/that syngeth the masse
Be neuer so full/of wyckednesse
yet that sacrament/that is so holy
Maye not be empayred/through his foly
Than maye a masse/from payne soules bryngе
Though a synfull preest/doth it synge
For he syngeth the masse/in goddes name
Under whiche ordre/he maye do no shame
But preuy prayers made with good entent
That be sayde/besydes the sacrament
Of a good preest/doth more god paye
Than of a synfull preest/vsed eche daye
But the offrynge/of goddes body so swete
Bryngeth many soules/frompaynes greate
wherfore me thynketh/that masses syngynge
Maye ratheste a soule/from payne bryngе
That goth out of this worlde/in charyte
And in purgatorye/clensed shall be
But to them/that be dampned for aye
No good dede/to them auayle maye
Nother almes dede/prayer ne masse
For they ben/as the boke bereth wytnesse
Departed fro chryste/that of Mary was borne
And the soules of them/euer be forlorne
And as lymmes ben deed/and layde in claye
And all ben/from the body awaye
Than maye nothynge helpe/in no maner kynde
The lymmes that ben dryed/as it were a ryndе
Ryght so all the helpe/that a man can tell
Nothynge auayleth/to them that be in hell
But yet helpe of frendes/that be in goddes seruyce

Maye auayle to the ſoule/in ſome maner wyſe
For ſuche ſeruyce maye/to the good be wrought.
So that in leſſe payne/they ſhall be brought
For therto auayleth/almes dedes and bedes
To the ſoules that ben/in all thre ſtedes
For it auayleth to the ſoule/that in purgatorye is
To bryngе it rather thens/to blys
Alſo it auayleth them/that in heuen be ſette
For eche daye/ theyr ioye encreaſeth therfore the bette
And the mo that cõmeth/in to that holy place
The more is theyr ioye/before goddes face
Alſo it auayleth them/that be in hell
For the fewer/ſhulde come there to dwell
And the fewer/that cõmeth there for ſyn
The leſſe payne they haue/that ben therin
And the mo/that in to that place doth wende
The more is theyr payne/without ende
Thus maye helpe of frendes/auayle by reaſon
To the ſoules that ben/in that ſtronge pryſon
And namely to them/that be in hell
And to them alſo/that in purgatorye doth dwell
But ſuche helpe/maketh no ſoules fro payne wende
But charyte be with them/at theyr ende
For in hell/was neuer no charyte
And in heuen/therof no nede maye be
And as a man maye/here with his honde
Make a ſete for another/that is vnder bonde
And is not of power/it to make
But another maketh it/all for his ſake
Ryght ſo maye a man/for the deed body do
For of helpe/he hath moche nede therto.
And the ſoules/that ben to paradyſe gone

Nede of helpe/they haue ryght none
But yf any good dede/for them be wrought
It maye to the nedefull/in helpe be brought
For all the helpe/that specyally is done here
Auayleth to the soules/that in purgatorye ere
And to some more/and to some lesse
After that they be tolde/of worthynesse
And after that charyte/is in them clere ynowe
Of them that lyueth in erth/amonges you
That euer most be busye/well for to do
As well for hym selfe/as for them in wo
For whan a man/shall from this worlde flytte
Than can no man tell/by no maner of wytte
whether that he shall than/in to purgatorye wende
Other in to heuen blysse/that hath none ende
For some men semeth good/and parfyte alone
That after theyr deth daye/be dampned full soone
For perchaunce/they ben full foule within
And passeth of this worlde/in derdy syn
And some men semeth here/that they lyue amysse
That soone ben saued/and wendeth to blysse
For perchaunce in erth/before theyr dyenge
They ben amended/of theyr mysdoynge
But of this maye no man/in certayne be
For it falleth hooly/to goddes pryuyte
And neuertheles/we shulde here byleue aye
That all tho that dye/go in good waye
That we saye in erth here/good werkes werche
And hath all the sacramentes/of holy chyrche
And whether so they be/oute frende or fo
All thynge that is in vs/we shulde do
And praye to almyghty god/both lowde and styll

For all chrysten soules/as it is goddes wyll
yet men maye alse/why me doth masses synge
For yonge chyldren/after theyr dyenge
That of masses ne prayer/hath no maner nede
For they dyd neuer/no maner synfull dede
To this I maye answere/by good reason
That for reuerence of god/is the enchelon
That masses me doth synge/and prayers make
That god both to yonge and olde/his mercy take
And also for the custome/of holy churche
And for them that ben deed/some good to werche
Nowe ye haue herde/as the boke is wytnesse
Howe almes dede and prayers/penaunce and masse
That ben done/through frendes true and certayne
Maye helpe the soules/that ben in stronge payne
And nowe I wyll tell to you/more therto
what profyte pardon/the soule maye do
That is pourchased in erth/in a good manere
And also in clene lyfe/whyle he lyueth here.

Cwhat pardon auayleth to mannes soule.

PArdon helpeth them/by many wayes
That haue purchased it/A theyr lyfe dayes
For pardon of popes/& of bysshoppes hyr
That in erth is graunted/or a man dye
Maye auayle to the soule/that in purgatorye is
yf it be purchased/worthely ywys
And yf they haue for theyr synnes/contrycyon
And ben shryuen/before that same pardon
Thã may pardõ after theyr deth/through godes sõde
In purgatorye to them/great profyte sende

For pardon that is/ryght full and certayne
Maye a man release/both of dette and payne
As farre as the pardon/maye it areche
For thus haue I lerned/through clerke speche
Pardon is nothynge elles/to vs in lykenesse
But of payne that is dette/forgyuenesse
Pardon maye no man haue/but he well werche
For it is a treasoure/of holy churche
That gadred is/for mede of pardon
Through vertue/of Chrystes holy passyon
And of the worthynesse/and of the dedes
Of holy sayntes/and of theyr medes
And it is gadred/of mykell goode
Fyrste through martyrdome/and shedynge of blode
Of holy Martyres/that moche loued Chrystes laye
For whose loue they were brought/in to great afraye
And in penaunce/and trauayle of confessours
And through good techynge/of wyse doctours
And of chastyte/of good byrgynes and clene
That to god euer/wolde theyr mone mene
And also/of all holy churche werkes
And of prayers/of holy preestes and clerkes
And of all this/that I haue nowe before tolde
Is gadred this treasoure/both newe and olde
And of that treasoure/the Pope bereth the kaye
That openeth and closeth/and synnes doth awaye
For that falleth to hym/of offyce to holde
For he is vycar in erth/god hym make wolde
The kayes be nothynge elles/to vnderstonde
But ful power/gyuen to hym through goddes sonde
Through whiche power/he maye the lawe fulfyll
Bynde and vnbynde/after his wyll

For the same power/hym falleth to haue
That god gaue to Peter/soules to saue
For god gaue to Peter/in erth full power
And sayde to hym/in this maner.

Quodcũqz ligaueris super terram/erit ligatum et in celis:
et quodcũqz solueris super terram/erit solutum et in celis.

All that thou byndest/in erth sayth he
Shall euer in heuen/bounde be
And all that thou vnbyndest/in erth ryght
Shall be vnbounde/in heuen dzyght
This power to all popes/gaue our lozde
After saynt Peter/to holde that wozde
As telleth therof/in an exposycyon
Of the Gospell/in a lesson
Than semeth it well/by this reason
That eche pope hath/a great iurysdyccyon
To assoyle a man/and hym forgyue
All dettes of payne/that he shulde be to dzyue
But yet must a man yelde/forsothe also
All that he hath wzongefully/take or do
For the pope/whan he graunteth that grace
He byndeth holy churche/in that same place
For hym/to whom that grace auayleth
To fulfyll all thynges/that hym fayleth
But the bysshoppes/that ben of lesse state
Haue lesse power/as clerkes knoweth that
For theyr dygnyte/is moche lasse
Therfoze they/maye not theyr power passe
And though it be/not so suffysaunt
As is the popes/yet they maye make a graunt
Of theyr power of pardon/a great partye
To theyr vnderlynges/both lowe and hye

But yet it muſt/as I before haue ſayde
Be gyuē thꝛough holy churches treaſour: by god rede
And neuertheleſſe/there maye no man pardon wynne
But he ben out/of deedly ſynne
Foꝛ he that hath/the keppynge of that treaſoure
That to mannes ſoule/is ſo pꝛecyous a floure
Maye not gyue it/to holy churches koole
Leſt he gette hym therby/an eupll looſe
Foꝛ ſuche men they ben/and none other ywys
That dwell in deedly ſynne/and euer doth amys
Foꝛ they ben out/of holy churche lawe
Therfoꝛe they maye/no pardon to them dꝛawe
But frendes of holy churche/maye well craue
After pardon/foꝛ they ſhulde it haue
Foꝛ they be ſuche/that euer be fre
Of deedly ſynne/and in parfyte charyte
To them ſuche pardon/ſhall neuermoꝛe kayle
But in purgatoꝛye/to them ſhall auayle
To bꝛynge out of payne/theyꝛ ſoules clene
As ferfoꝛth/as the pardon maye mene
As clerkes telleth/that god wyll ſette
Foꝛ the remenaunt of paynes/that ben of dette
That perchaunce is lefte/and not done here
As it maye fall/in dyuerſe manere
A partye of penaunce/that is enioynt
And is not done here/befoꝛe dethes poynt
And in partye/of venyall ſynnes wꝛought
And in partye of ſynnes/that ben out of thought
And in partye/foꝛ lytell repentaunce
And in partye/foꝛ ouer lytell penaunce
And in partye/of penaunce enioynt and not do
And perchaunce/with lytell deuocyon alſo

And all these maye be called/the remenaunt
Of dette of payne/that is not fulfylled
That shulde be fulfylled/in erth here
Other in purgatorye/to make the soules more clere
But suche dette/maye soone there be quyte
who that to suche pardon/hath any delyte
In forgyuenesse of all penaunce/ŷ maye be thought
whether it be enioyned here/or be nought
For so moche pardon/maye a man pourchace
Here in his lyfe/that he maye haue grace
In purgatorye to be quyte/of all maner dette
That from the bylle/myght hym lette
For so large/is holy churches treasoure
That it maye bryng soules/from all doloure
And from all paynes of dette/that maye be
Of all men that ben/in chrystente
And thus pardon/i purgatorye to soules may auayle
But some clerkes/gyueth vs counceyle
That we shulde kepe it/and hooly spare
Tyll we to purgatorye/come all yare
And in erth do penaunce/whyle we maye
For a man in purgatorye/shall thynke one daye
Lenger than hym thought/euer in erth here
The space and tyme/of an hole yere
Than is one daye of pardon/in forgyuenesse
More worth/than all this worldes rychesse
For the soule had leuer/that suche payne shall dryue
One daye of pardon/than any thynge on lyue
For all this wyde worlde/and it were his
He wolde gyue to haue rest there/one daye ywys
Of this mater/that I make of mencyon
Is good helpe of frendes/and eke of pardon

That auayleth to them/that in pȝyſon be ſette
wherfoȝe I haue/myne auctours foȝ me fette
And ſo ſayth Innocent/and ſaynt Auſtyne
That ſpeketh in theyȝ bokes/of this well afyne
And mayſter Raymonde alſo/ſpeketh of the ſame
In a boke/that is called after his name
And Thomas Alquin/ſpeketh alſo
Of this mater/and other mo
In a boke that is/of great phyloſophye
That is called/Ueritas theologye
And to you/I haue many maters red
That in this lytell boke/befoȝe ben ſped
In the whiche/ye haue herde me ſpecyfye
Of the condycyons/of Purgatoȝye
And nowe I wyll/no further wende
But of this mater/thus I make an ende.

Finis.

Here endeth the Boke of Purgatoȝye.
And hereafter foloweth a lytell re-
geſtre oȝ table of the ſame.

¶ Here begynneth the regestre or table.

¶ Fyrste the Prologue. Folio. primo.
¶ Here he telleth what Purgatorye is. Folio. i.
¶ In what place purgatorye is. Folio. ii.
¶ Of two purgatoryes/ that god hathe ordeyned. Folio. iii.
¶ Of the paynes that ben in purgatorye. Folio. iii.
¶ Of the soules that wendeth in to purgatorye/ and abydeth there tyll they ben pourged of synne / & whiche soules abyde not there. Folio. viii.
¶ For whiche synnes, a soule goth to hell. Folio. ix.
¶ Of the helpe that soules hath that ben in purgatorye, of good frendes that be left behynde them lyuynge in erth. Folio. xiii.
¶ what pardon auayleth to mānes soule. Folio. xvi.

¶ Here endeth the regestre or table of this present Boke.

¶ Cum privilegio Regali.

ROBERT WYER

Imprynted by me Robert wyer, dwellynge at the
lygne of laynt Johan Euangelyste/in laynt
Martyns parylshe in the felde/in the byl
shop of Norwytche rentes/belyde
Chatynge Crolle.